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WORDS FOR MUSIC

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WORDS FOR MUSIC

CURA ET IMPENSIS AUCTORIS

WORDS FOR MUSIC

A SYMPHONIC SERIES

BY

WILLIAM WELLS NEWELL

BOSTON MASS.
SMALL, MAYNARD & CO
1904

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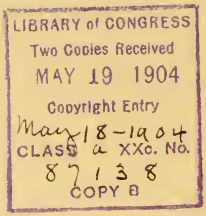

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Under the title "Words for Music" appeared in 1895 a collection containing about one third of the pieces now included. The series, though not formally announced as symphonic, was animated by kindred intentions, and may be regarded as an imperfect sketch. I have therefore preferred to retain the appellation.

No. 21 is a version of an Italian folk-song; Nos. 22 and 23 of ancient Danish ballads. No. 44 was suggested by the "Orpheus" of Corot. No. 47 is founded on the custom of "carolling" holy wells, on a particular day of the year, with intent to assure the abundance of their flow. No. 63 refers to the ceremony of Decoration, as observed in 1878 at New Rochelle, N. Y.; No. 64 to a rite in memory of shipwrecked fishermen, annually performed in Gloucester, Mass. No. 65 was written for the Chicago Exposition of 1893. With regard to No. 77, it is to be remembered that a grave often formed the essential part of a temple, as indeed Christianity itself is founded upon a sepulchre. No. 78 has relation to the Twelfth of February.

Earthly is varying pleasure,
And mortal vanishing pain,
But holy the garment of Music,
Enwoven out of the twain.

I

I

SUNRISE SONG

Lovely in orient
Wakeneth Light;
Music from Silence,
Morning from Night.

Peacefully fragrant
Bloometh the hour;
Well if the fruit be
Fair as the flower!

Born of blue Ocean,
Darteth a beam;
Window and pavement
Glimmer and gleam.

Over the City
Orbeth the Sun;
Labor ariseth,
Day is begun!

II

SALUTATION

White cloud on high that motionless remaineth,
Far sails a-shine,
Immortal Love, that in blue heaven reigneth
And heart of mine,

Green marge, where lies yon sapphire-winding river
In sunny rest,
Gray spire, whose admonition warneth ever
My childhood-nest!

Lo hither one, who clambereth to meet me,
On highland way;
From stranger, for a comrade I will greet thee,
And praise the day!

III

DESIRE

Arise on my spirit lonely, arise with thy radiance dear,
Like a star that lendeth to ocean its lustre silver and clear,
With the air of thy bosom's breathing sweet breath to the flowers give,
In thy murmur and thy silence let the soul of the music live.

Each life will be grateful, and render its present to make thee blest,
The many lamps and the lustres a jewel to bind on thy breast,
The garlands that fall in the chambers a wreath to twine in thy hair,
The feast be thy beauty's garment, and thine be the presence there.

IV

WELL-WISHING

Thought, go for me
Over land and sea;
Early or late,
Linger and wait.

When falls the hour,
Become a flower,
At feet to lie
Where a friend passeth by.

For perfume's sake,
The flower he will take,
To breathe its air,
And carelessly bear.

On he will go,
Thoughtful and slow:
How came it here,
All dewy and dear?

V

INQUIRY

A crimson bud of your wreath,
Secure in its clinging sheath,
    You strewed o'ernight;
I rescued and thought no more,
Yet bore it homeward, and bore
    Your low good night.

I woke with the dawn of day;
Joy-breathing, beside me lay
    A rose of light.
I muse how the flower came;
Reply, if it be the same
    You strewed o'ernight.

VI

LOVE THOUGHT

The lake art thou, beloved,
When the sunrise dawneth o'er;
My thoughts, they are water-lilies,
That float and blow by the shore.

The forest art thou, beloved,
Full leafy in warm July;
My thoughts, they are crimson roses,
That twine and blossom by.

The heaven art thou, beloved,
All holy at still midnight;
My thoughts, they are stars of summer,
That beam with a peaceful light.

VII

LOVE'S MEASURE

Beloved, tell,
If thou lovest me well.

I love thee with days, as many as be,
And I love thee with all that the day-beams see;
I love thee with every river that flows,
I love thee with the heart of the rose.

Yet tell, yet tell,
If thou lovest me well.

I love thee with nights, so starry and deep,
I love thee with all the kingdoms of sleep;
I love thee with many a radiant star;
I love thee with moons, that golden are.

Yet tell, yet tell,
If thou lovest me well.

I love thee with the blue eyes of a child,
I love thee with his lisping mild ;
I love thee with the orient morn
On the brow of youth when the spirit is born.

Yet tell, yet tell,
If thou lovest me well.

I love thee with sorrows, I love thee with tears,
I love thee with wreck of the darkening years ;
I love thee with the silence and peace
Of angel who waiteth for soul's release,

Cease, cease to tell,
For thou lovest me well.

VIII

LOVE AND TIME

Immortal Time decreed without redress
From earthly fair a fairer to express,
With loveliness build higher loveliness,
    Such love inheres in Time.

Herein lies love, that law by heart to know,
Of Time's swift-running tide a wave to go,
From self toward dearer self decline and flow,
    Till Love and Time are one,

IX

MOTHERHOOD

Mary gave to Jesu birth,
In her arms had heaven and earth,
So clasp I thee!

Mary lulled her babe to sleep,
Slumber calm did Jesu keep,
Hush thou for me!

Mary knelt above her child,
Jesu opened eyes and smiled,
Smile thou on me!

Jesu held out arms so blest,
Mary caught him to her breast,
So take I thee!

X

INFANCY

Eyes blue and clear,
Large, orbed, and dear,
Where Joy and Fear
    Alternate sway;
That laughter keep,
Are veiled for sleep,
Now earnest-deep,
    Now wide as day.

Twin founts, where flow
The bliss and woe
Of long ago,
    That purer meet;
Twin Aprils, fain
To drop in rain,
Then beam again,
    More dewy-sweet.

Mild heavens, a-shine
With pledge divine
In rainbow-sign
    Serenely born;
Fair prophecies
Of suns to rise,
More calm and wise
    Than ever morn.

II

XI

THE FOUNTAIN

The water flowed, and the water shone.

She rested her jar on the fountain-stone;
The water flowed, and the water shone.

"Give me to drink of thy water cold,
I'll pay thee with silver, I'll fee thee with gold."

"Thy silver and gold, they are little to me;
I pour for another, I pour for thee."

She held to his lips the pitcher a-gleam,
She shed on his palms a silvery stream.

"Thou hast quaffed thy fill of the flowing well,
Thy fever is past, I bid thee farewell."

XII

WELCOMES AND PARTINGS

Pure round of the dark-blue ocean!
Wide ring of the foam-wreathed sea!
A choice between welcome and parting
Thy circle offereth me.

From billows haughty approacheth
A ship under press of sail;
She flingeth the spray from her quarter,
And over the wave doth prevail.

Behind, toward horizon declineth
Another erewhile as proud;
Look aft where her topsail shineth;
Or only a glimmering cloud?

XIII

ENCHANTMENT

A mariner floated with indolent sail,
In month when the mead-lily bloweth,
The coast was robed with a silvery veil,
While the salt tide oceanward floweth.

The sea-vapor lifted a glimmering while,
In month when the mead-lily bloweth,
And granted him glimpse of a radiant isle,
While the salt tide oceanward floweth.

A fair maid sat on the strand apart,
In month when the mead-lily bloweth,
Their glances encountered, heart to heart,
While the salt tide oceanward floweth.

The curtain came down upon harbor and land,
In month when the mead-lily bloweth,
He was carried away from her blossoming strand,
While the salt tide oceanward floweth.

Seven years hath he sailed that islanded shore,
In month when the mead-lily bloweth,
The maid and her marge he beheld nevermore,
While the salt tide oceanward floweth.

XIV

A GLANCE

The circle swayed, as shadows
    When branches waver free,
Its laughter rose, like surges
    Aye mounting noisily.

Twain bartered ware of strangers,
    Phrase light or lingering,
Till thoughtlessly was uttered
    A plain familiar thing,

Create of common duty
    And faith therein that lies;
She answered, and looked upward,
    Her soul within her eyes.

He read the cheerful service,
    Repose arising thence,
Calm days of gentle wisdom,
    And steadfast innocence,

That tide of flowing kindness
A maiden heart may keep,
And far below, unaltered,
The woman's boundless deep.

Beside them paused another,
He bowed, and turned away;
The look he will remember
For ever and a day.

Like ocean-mist, divideth
The veil of years behind;
She sitteth, while she gazeth
From grateful eyes and kind.

XV

A NAYWORD

In earnest if I love thee? or ever I reply,
Forgive me, and remember how much in love
doth lie,
How much doth lie.

Love's duty and Love's passion breathe not with
mortal breath;
Pure love is joy and sorrow, sweet love is life
and death,
Is life and death.

Indeed, I do not love thee, I love thee not, ah no;
Indeed I cannot love thee, I care not for thee so,
Alas! not so.

XVI

THE MENDED VIOL

It lieth in thy heart, I know,
To play the movement o'er;
The instrument will not bestow
That favor lent before.

With pains the tone may be restored,
And thou forgiveness earn;
Note after note, and chord by chord,
The music will return.

XVII

NO MORE

No more, she saith, no more,
Her mate may I wander, wander,
By mead, by paths of the forest,
That smiled to salute us, requite us,
Where we twain went roaming, to cherish
The children, the stars of the wild.

Though she cometh no more, no more,
Alone, alone, will I wander
By mead, by paths of the forest,
That these may salute me, console me,
Where we twain went roaming, to cherish
The children, the stars of the wild.

Like a stranger, a stranger, they greet me,
Commanding: "No more, no more,
Alone, alone, dar'st thou wander
By mead, by paths of the forest,
Where you twain went roaming, to cherish
The children, the stars of the wild."

XVIII

IN A FAR COUNTRY

Now prithee call me by my name,
And kiss me on the cheek;
So long it seems since any came
With playmate-lips to speak;

So few there be who any more
The childish name will know;
Then prithee call me as before,
And kiss as long ago.

XIX

SHADOWS

Dim courses of a ghostly board
Supply me thrice a day;
About the room, in disaccord,
Bold shadows flit or stay.

They pause in passing by my chair,
Salute, and speak the while;
I know what semblances they wear;
I answer, and I smile.

Alas, if thy redeeming hand
Were reached to render aid,
And guided me from shadow-land,
Wherein I float a shade!

XX

AT THE GATE

Chill falleth the eve of October, the twilight
grows yellow and cold,
Now herds have returned from the pasture, now
sheep are safe in the fold;
The lamps are lit for thy banquet, the candles
are lighted o'er;
Bestow a boon on the roamer who chanteth
beside thy door.

Command thy porter to open, 't is little he doth
require,
The crumb that remains from thy table, the seat
that is free at thy fire,
To stand apart with thy servants, be cheered by
thy mirth as they,
Repose in thy porch for a midnight, and wend
with the morrow day.

XXI

THE LAND OF THE LOST

At deep of night, in lonely bower, upon
a muse I fell;
A gentle dream conveyed my soul where
fallen spirits dwell.

They seemed so sad, they looked so fair, I
gazed and marvelled long;
A single shape, a face I knew, came
forward from the throng.

"Dear friend, she cried, dear parted friend,
't is pleasure thee to greet;
Ere thy return, a kiss bestow, thy lips they
are so sweet."

I kissed her lips, "Herein," she said, "I seal
thee mine, dear heart;
For thou hast kissed, thy home is here, O
never to depart."

L. of C

XXII

FAIRIES' HILL

He hunted by hill, he hunted by fell;
When died away the twilight-beam,
A cloud of sleep closed over his eyes,
And his heart grew faint with a dream.

He lighted down near an oaken grove,
By the rein his courser he bound;
His head was propped on a gnarled root,
In face of a fairy mound.

Came midnight, oped the fairy doors,
The halls within were a-shine;
A lady stept forth from the Fairies Hill,
To serve the stranger with wine.

She bore in her hands a silver grail,
As she passed to the hunter's place;
She stooped to his seat, and proffered the bowl;
The twain gazed face to face.

Sweet sister, is it truly thou?
And, sister, farest thou well?
Is it joy to drink of the fairies' cup,
And with the fairies dwell?"

The silver slipt between her hands,
The liquor on moss was shed:
"More fortunate she at our mother's door
Who shareth the dole of bread,

And happier one who shivering waits
For the robe of a mercy cold,
Than it is to be fed of the fairies' feast,
Arrayed in the silk and the gold!"

My charger hath a flying speed;
Sweet sister, mount behind,
And I will bear thee so far away,
That the fairies can never find,

"Will carry thee hence to a shelter safe,
Where nevermore needest thou fear
To be charmed by the charm, and spelled with the spell,
And be ruled by the fairies here."

"And if thy steed were winged with thought,
So far thou couldst never go,
But I must be back in the Fairies Hill,
Or ever the dawn doth glow."

The cloud of sleep closed over his eyes,
He fell to dreaming anew;
When next he awaked, the dawn was gray,
And cold on his forehead the dew.

XXIII

RED-ROSE-WOOD

When I was young, and a simple youth,
A-wooing behooved me to ride;
I rode as far as the red-rose-wood,
And it pleased me there to abide.

I lighted down at the red-rose-wood,
I fell on a slumber deep;
Forth from her bower came the fairy queen,
To waken me out ot sleep.

Forth from her bower came the fairy queen,
In mine ear low murmured she:
"Hark what I say, thou beautiful youth,
Tonight to dwell with me?"

"To-night with me, thou beautiful youth,"
She murmured low in mine ear,
"And my damsel shall sing thee a fairy song,
If it pleaseth thee to hear."

The damsel was wise, she knew her lay,
Such spell of delight she began,
That the rushing river she bound to be still,
The river that swiftly ran;

The rushing river she bound to be still,
That poureth over the linn;
The trout who darts in the foamy pool,
Did stir with never a fin;

The stag who leaps in the red-rose-wood,
Was fleet of foot no more;
The chanter upon twilight bough,
His melody was o'er.

The fairies were dancing out and in,
They danced all in a band;
I gazed and gazed, poor simple youth,
While I leaned my head on my hand.

XXIV

THE MINSTREL

"Fair dweller of this garden,
Pale-cheeked and sorrow-mute,
Why flaunt the garb of minstrel,
Yet lonely leave thy lute?"

"I sang for merry-making
On high where turrets rise,
Beheld the sad hearts aching
Below their festal guise,

The buds a frost hath blighted
Or ever bloom began,
The wrongs that ne'er are righted,
The curse man meteth man,

Life not to be recorded
In measures, that combine
With yonder sweetly-chorded
And gentle lute of mine."

XXV

EXORCISM

Tonight my mind is darkened
By cloud of mortal pain;
Bestow on me thine harping,
Bestow thy voice again.

Tonight pale faces haunt me,
And eyes of lonely woe;
Bestow on me thine harping,
Fair child, thy voice bestow.

XXVI

THE WRECK

At lowest ebb of the ocean, I wander on
twilight strand;
The wreck of a sturdy schooner lies bedded
in yellow sand.

Above her skeleton blancheth, gray barnacles
gather below;
Long pools of glimmering water lie crimson in
sunset glow.

I stare upon whitening timbers, I marvel at
radiance free;
Arise and bury thy conquest, O tide of the
triumphing sea!

XXVII

THE LONELY OCEAN

A blue and lonely ocean
Encompasseth an isle;
With many-voiced motion
It soundeth all the while.

A merry infant playeth
With never-wearied joy,
Beside a pool delayeth
To launch his floating toy.

Time cometh, when he pleases
To dare the shining sea;
He flieth before breezes,
White sail, and billows free.

'Twixt hope and terror only
He tosseth by and by,
A waif on ocean lonely,
Beholding sea and sky.

XXVIII

THE FOUNT OF TEARS

Sweet fountain, to thy lilied brink
    Let lovers go,
There hand in hand kneel down, and drink
    Thy healing flow.

For me, who neither hope nor sigh,
    Thy cup is oe'r;
Alone I wander, and draw nigh
    Thy marge no more.

XXIX

THE WELL OF THE WORLD'S END

"What water to this twilight dell
Doth lonely glimmer lend?"
"Fair wanderer, 't is called the Well
Of the World's End."

"Pray, is it sweet, the rivulet,
That icily doth flow?"
"Its virtue maketh to forget
Desire, and woe."

"What duty thine, who lingerest late,
Pale feature veilèd o'er?"
"Dear child of earth, I am thy Fate;
Inquire no more."

III

XXX

A BIRTHDAY

A thrush upon a maple-bough gave all his mind and sang;
The hill was green, the maple bare, both road and valley rang.
I listened to the lay afar, I heard the tune anear;
The burden went: "Fair Earth today is younger by a year,
Fair Earth today, fair Earth today, is younger by a year."

Or if I came, or if I went, the voice would not be mute,
It chanted on in sweeter change than viol, harp, or lute.
I learned the melody by heart, it chimeth in mine ear;
The burden went: "Fair Earth today is younger by a year,
Fair Earth today, Fair Earth today, is younger by a year."

XXXI

SNOWDROP

Where yearly in childhood
Her candor shone,
A white lady waiteth
By threshold-stone.

While driveth from ocean
The eastern gale,
She lingereth patient,
Pure, and pale.

Roses and lilies
Will blow again;
Hither hies Summer
With blooming train.

Her love-letter beareth
The snow-maiden here,
Who tidings declareth,
Drooping and dear.

XXXII

BLUEBIRD

Here halteth the winter, March-morning is mild;
Down garden-path danceth a merry child,
"Ah, welcome, sweet, welcome, sweet,
welcome!"

Before him floateth a piece of the sky;
He stealeth behind, to follow and cry:
"Ah, welcome, sweet, welcome, sweet,
welcome!"

In apple-tree hangeth a jar for his nest;
Will Heaven be pleased in our orchard to rest?
"Ah, welcome, sweet, welcome, sweet,
welcome!"

XXXIII

HEPATICA

While the forest, the forest, awaketh.

Naked are oak-boughs,
Barren the wild;
Blue eyes behold me,
Azure-mild.

I muse on their brightness,
Starry-free;
'T is the soul of the woodland
Gazeth on me.

Half friendly her glances,
Half foreign to mine;
I carry her color
In heart to shine.

XXXIV

HOUSTONIA

When summer's new,
A floweret blue
Doth meadow bless;
Fair maids, day after day,
With petting love-names pay
Her friendliness,

Sky-flower, Starlight,
Angel, Eye-bright,
Babe Blue-eyed;
Admire her beauty staid
With Nun, and Quaker-maid,
And words beside.

Our maidens here
The flower endear
As Innocence,
For love of her mild ways,
And trusting infant gaze
Of confidence.

XXXV

Purple and pink is the twilight of May,
Fresh of a morning early;
Awaken the birds with the waking of day,
And I love my love so dearly.

Apple-blossoms are blithe to see,
Fresh of a morning early;
Green are the leaves of the maple-tree,
And I love my love so dearly.

An oriole builds on a hanging bough,
Fresh of a morning early;
Hark, to his mate he calleth now,
And I love my love so dearly.

XXXVI

CATBIRD

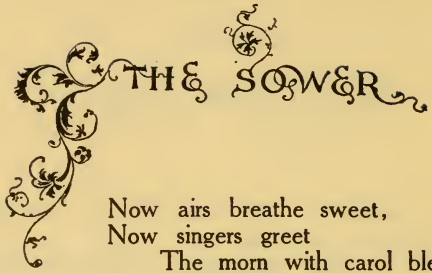
The sun shines, the rain falls, the green boughs
waver on high,
That way warble the others, while mew!
go I.

From wayside-bush the catbird gray
Mocketh the airs of the orchestra.

Their making of love he'll sweetly present,
Then mingle his laughter impertinent.

About the song-book I hear him range,
Chanting and piping in endless change.

XXXVII



Now airs breathe sweet,
Now singers greet
The morn with carol blest;
On elm-tree high,
Four blue eggs lie
In every robin-nest.

The sower of the fresh field, a careful man is he;
He casteth on the brown land his seed in handfuls free.

The sower of the fresh field, a gentle heart hath he;
He hath nor wife nor children, nor innocent roof-tree.

The sower of the fresh field, a virtue doth he own;
He careth for another's as if it were his own.

XXXVIII

THE SCARLET TANAGER

A flame, a wandering fire,
With wavering desire
From bough to bough,
Thou wingèd, wondrous thing!
Of glad, of golden spring
The soul art thou,
A flame, a wandering fire.

Thy strange, thy scarlet gleam,
Will glisten through my dream
The livelong year;
O pure, O holy May!
O blithe, O blessed way
I travel here!
A flame, a wandering fire.

XXXIX

INDIGO BIRD

To my gate came a Joy
When morning was new,
Gave me leave to enjoy
A wing deep-blue;
From my glances, coy,
Far, far, he flew.

If I knew where my Joy
May nest and reside,
Secure from annoy,
By some wild brook-side,
Mine hour I'd employ
To gaze and abide.

XL

SONG-FOREST

In roamings of the May,
To every sweet thing
That hailed me on the way,
I answered greeting;
With flowers like stars that shone,
Changed welcomes many a one;
For the friend, for the friend alone,
Who all deserved, had power to render none.

How, if each lesser fair
Salute obtaineth,
While she for whom I care
No guerdon gaineth?
Because, when her I leave,
I part from everything,
Of wavering lays I weave
A wilderness, where she may dwell and sing.

XLI

AT THE WINDOW

Near my window wide
Dwelt side by side
A bluebird-pair,
Now flitting, and now
In a hollow bough
Residing there.

Debate they made,
If the lining were laid
By bluebirds' law;
Would twitter and sing,
Then rove, to bring
A shred, a straw.

Flower-months are gone,
And the nestlings flown;
Yet I tarry, to view
The couple rest,
A ruddy breast,
A wing bright-blue.

XLII

ROSE OF THE NORTH

Alone, alone, with the morning.

I sit among the beach-grass beside a southern strand;
I hearken, while the ripples fall plashing on the sand.

The wild rose bloometh lonely along a northern shore;
Below lies gray the granite, dark-blue the wave before.

Far north the wild rose bloometh in beauty without cease;
Her color and her odor refresh my heart with peace.

XLIII

DAWN-MUSIC

In birthtide-hour of the morning,
Melodies come to me:

When a holy rose of Aurora
Blooms over a darkened lea;

When silver dawnlight clingeth
In the net of a vaporous sea;

When scarlet honor crowneth
The rolling of billows free;

In the birthtide-hour of the Morning,
Melodies come to me.

XLIV

SUNRISE

Lo falleth o'er yon eastern height
A beam of crimson fire!
To thee, pure fount of song and light!
I lift the golden lyre!

Enamor thou the instrument,
Endear each thrilling chord;
Make every tone obedient
As arrow of its lord!

From skies by thee illumed today,
And lands thou shalt behold,
A glory render, that the lay
Rise full and clear and bold!

And when thine happiness may leave
The west with roses crowned,
As grateful let the hymn of eve
In peace and honor sound!

XLV

SUNSET

Make voices rhyme once more
With plashing of the oar,
While we row, while we chant to our rowing.

Cloud-castles of the sky
Take fire and flame on high,
While we row, while we chant to our rowing.

The lake before the bow
Lies fairy water now,
While we row, while we chant to our rowing.

Let twilight-roses die,
To bloom in memory,
While we row, while we chant to our rowing.

XLVI

LAKE AND RIVER

THE RIVER

Blue heaven thou beholdest
With eyes deep-blue and glad,
In white and shining lilies
All innocently clad.

THE LAKE

Thou fallest from the mountain,
Thou flowest by the hill;
A thousand singing streamlets
Thy rushing torrents fill.

THE RIVER

Mild roses of the sunset
Upon thy breast remain,
So pure the heart thou yieldest,
Devoid of selfish stain.

THE LAKE

Thy broad and gleaming splendor
Hath nought to envy mine,
When o'er empurpled water
Deep twilight-glories shine.

XLVII

THE WELL

Arise, arise, sweet fountain,
Where dimple of the mountain
Enfolds thy well, abounding
Its rock below;
Like infant who awaketh,
And gently sleep forsaketh,
A smile bestow;
Arise, arise, sweet water, sing, sing, and flow.

From forth thy cradle creeping,
Adown the glen haste leaping,
Such tireless freedom keeping
As children know;
A moment pause, and after
With babble and babe-laughter
Rejoicing go;
Arise, arise, sweet water, sing, sing, and flow.

Wear purple of the dawnlight,
Stream azure in the sunlight,
Foam silver, when the moonlight
May dreamy grow;
With melodies of playtime
Run laughing, while in Maytime
Flower-rainbows glow;
Arise, arise, sweet water, sing, sing, and flow.

Expand among green rushes,
Enlarge to grateful freshes,
Where cool neath alder-bushes
Roam cattle slow;
Neath meadow-bridges loiter,
Where tiny bare feet patter
To and fro;
Arise, arise, sweet water, sing, sing, and flow.

XLVIII

MOONLIGHT

The breathing of Ocean
Is peaceful to-night;
The golden Moon bindeth
His bosom with light.

Her glory in heaven
Doth reign and prevail;
Its torches she quencheth
In mystery pale;

The chamber she floodeth
Where calm thou dost lie;
Thy dream be illumined
As water and sky!

XLIX

STAR-SHINE

Eyes that behold me,
Show love that enfolds me.

"What are the stars, my little maid?"
"Pinholes to let through the light," she said

"And what is the moon, now tell me plain?"
"No more than a cloudy window-pane."

"And how of the sun, dear teacher mine?"
"A door for the brightness of heaven to shine.

L

THE REAPER

Where wavered the rye,
Now corded sheaves lie;
Let every life be content with its share
Of dew, and sunshine, and blithening air.

The rye he lay warm under winter-snow;
In the spring of the year he was eager to grow.

He rejoiced in the sun and the rain so free;
His green acres rolled, like the waves of a sea.

On reaping car sitteth a driver small;
The red horses pace, and the yellow ears fall.

LI

THE GALE

An angry gale waileth
With wakening might;
In sleep-robe a lady
O'er-roameth the height.

Below her the valley
Lies darkling there;
She casts to the night-wind
Long strands of her hair.

"Wild tempest," she calleth,
"Encompass my form!
Through midnight exalt me,
A soul of the storm.

I'll fall upon forest,
Pine-trees I'll bow,
O'er ocean foam-bordered
Furrows I'll plough,

I'll waver with columns
Of merciful rain,
Pale Summer reviving
From faintness again!"

LII

OLIVE-THRUSH

A pathway climbing red or green
Through closely-tangled evergreen,
Fresh air replete
With balsam-sweet,
And a voice, one thrilling voice only,
Lest he who mounteth be lonely.

Gray lichened ridges granite-bold,
Green forest falling fold on fold,
On naked heights
Mild mountain-lights,
And a voice, one thrilling voice only,
Lest he who pauseth be lonely.

A pale and cloudy sky o'erhead,
A paly sea cloud-islanded,
Pale western hue
Of cloudless blue,
And a voice, one thrilling voice only,
Lest he who gazeth be lonely.

LIII

MOUNTAIN-BROOK

Mid gorge of the mountain,
Where evergreens dwell,
A hemlock-darkened
And shade-loving well,

Pale mirror-like fountain,
Cold, silent, and clear,
At margin imprinted
With hoof of the deer,

From covert escaping,
Descendeth the steep
With many a childish
And silvery leap,

In mossy cleft hideth
Where dripping ferns grow,
O'er granite ledge glideth
With shimmering flow,

Pure-falling, transparent,
In poureth and out
Of pebble-paved basin
Where harbor the trout,

Way-weary, reposeful,
For loitering's sake,
Expandeth to azure
And wind-wooèd lake,

Refreshed, rejoicing,
Outdanceth again
Neath fir-root, and birches
That mantle the glen,

Cool shadow desireth,
An amber-fresh stream,
Of sunshine requireth
A glint, a gleam,

Is hidden by timber,
That bridgeth its course,
Memento of stormy
And rain-rushing force,

Delays, where a comrade
Or clambereth by,
Or springeth to boulders
That islanded lie;

Or lower, or louder,
The summerlong day
Aye chanteth, chanteth,
One varying lay,

One magical music,
Like human elf,
Who wandereth, humming
A tune to himself,

A melody, murmured
All yester-night,
A movement to render
When morrow is bright,

O'erheard by a stranger,
Who marvelleth there
What feeling or fancy
That carol declare,

As laughing, the water
Flows vocal and free,
To merge with the tidal
And infinite sea.

LIV

I tarry on dome of the mountain, while morn
breatheth azure and clear;
Around me like couchant leopards lie brown
hills tawny and near;
Yon deep lake of darkening purple hath
silver marge to behold;
A mantle of fresh-shining forest falls thither
fold below fold.

Far ranks of the northern highlands, now
cloudless range beyond range,
Retain color of sunlight and wisdom,
undarkened by shadow of change;
Clear round of the holy horizon enringeth
broad ocean-miles,
Here freedom of wayfaring waters, there
order of channels and isles.

Tomorrow a bank of the sunrise will wander
in from the deep,
Envelop harbor and headland, encompass
meadow and steep;
Today I have paused on the summit, today
beheld from the height;
I shall view the roof of my cottage, and the
world in a morning-light.

LV

Wild harp of the lonely forest, thy many voices prepare
To sound in a single music, be born amid golden air;
Deep joy hath he in the forest who liveth and reigneth alone;
The spirit of every creature doth breathe and blend with his own.

Gray stones o'erlichened and stainèd, green leaves that waver and shine,
Young oaks that mantle the highland, and sun-lighted stems of the pine,
Pure waters that gather and glisten in silence from mosses fed,
Strange world of shadows and marvels, and blue-gleaming sky overhead,

Dark curve of the eastern ocean, glad chain
of the radiant west,
From morn to even unclouded, apparelled
in sapphire blest,
Mine heart is free and rejoiceth, aware of
rhymes that belong;
Wild harp of the lonely forest, prelude the
chords of the song.

LVI

THE LAND

A green land,
A sweet land,
Of founts freshly-flowing,
Pure lakes azure-glowing,
Free ocean-winds, blowing
On granite strand;
Thy friendship bestowing,
Green land!
Sweet land!

A green land,
A sweet land,
Of forest extending,
High pasture ascending,
Low river-mead, lending
Flower-wealth to the hand;
Thy bloom-magic lending,
Green land!
Sweet land!

A green land,
A sweet land,
Of highland far-shining,
Horizons defining,
With sunsets combining
Or golden or grand;
Like Heaven far-shining,
Green land!
Sweet land!

LVII

THE SURF

I pour from the deep
In cataract green,
Over reef I leap,
A fountain sheen,
Pinetree-high;
By and by,
The cliff I smite
With thunder-might!

Amid chasm I boil,
Swarm over the ledge,
Like serpent-coil,
To forest-edge;
Among crags I play,
With rocket-spray
Enveil them all;
Cascading back,
Rock red and black
I sheet with silver waterfall!

As Moments flow on the strand of Time,
I beat forever, in cadence and rhyme;
    Million-handed I tear,
Cloud or shine,
    Earth flowery-fair,
To make her mine;
    Mine shall she be,
    Whelmed in a sea
    Shore-free!

LVIII

THE LIGHTHOUSE

A mild and wakeful beacon
    Glows lonely o'er the deep;
Above its crowning lantern
    Do scornful waters leap.

Now boiling surges eddy,
    Now welling billows pour;
Resounding breakers thunder
    Along a granite shore.

Homeward, a swift sail neareth
    The pure and friendly light;
A moment more, it veereth,
    Concealed by foam and night.

LIX

FRINGED GENTIAN

Ere October days
Set the forest ablaze,

In our marshes low
Doth a flower blow,

With sunshiny hue
Of purple-blue,

Like heavens, that shine
Over mountain-pine,

Save silvery cloud
For fringes allowed,

To waver and glow
When west-winds blow.

Though blossom decrease,
To yon daughter of Peace

Belongeth an art,
In the gazer's heart

With beauty that shone
In months which are flown,

To mingle the morn
Of Summers unborn.

LX

CORONATION

Blue shone the heavens over,
Deep blue lay waters beneath,
While Hours were crowning October
In pride of a victor wreath.

With a flower-like garland they crowned him,
Of honor blithe to behold;
In emperor's mantle they gowned him,
Embroidered of scarlet and gold.

LXI

AUTUMN LEAVES

A MOURNER

Earth-mother mine, alas, and alas!
That youth and bloom like a vapor pass!
Thy mantle brown, that ageth toward fall,
Doth fold like a wan and funeral pall
O'er my love, o'er my hope, that lies burie

THE EARTH

Share rather with me the World-builder's mood,
Who gazed on his work, and behold, it was
good!
Lo, I enlarge for a token to thee
A rich and a crimson canopy
O'er thy love, o'er thy hope, that lies buri

LXII

BLUE SKY

Now calm and tender blue
Doth confidence renew,
    And care release.
Though westward may remain
One thought of yester rain,
    A silver peace.

The wide eternal sky,
Where past and future lie,
    Doth sunshine keep,
And over Autumn's march
Maintain a holy arch
    Of color deep.

IV

LXIII

DECORATION

TENOR

From forest and fountain-sweet meadow,
    Remainder of the spring
I carry in color-bright palmfuls
    To make mine offering;
Let their sacred and starry freshness
    Betoken what homage I bring.

SOPRANO

By the friendly and bountiful garden
    Were granted clear honors I bear;
I paused where ancient lilacs
    All freshly are blooming there;
A fragrant peace of the household
    My clustered branches declare.

BASS

Each heart with its silent story,
They came from workshop and plough;
No letter recordeth a legend,
No stone doth a title allow;
The mound that covered a foeman
Is reckoned a comrade's now.

ALTO

Dear child, until worship is over,
Retain me firm by the hand,
As hushed in a row with the others,
Near the foot of a grave we stand;
Lay down thy blooms for a token,
When the trumpet chanteth command.

QUARTET

While Hate o'ercloudeth no longer,
And Love may sunshine recall,
'T is right the riches of Summer
To render memorial;
Lo, forth from their mortal sowing
Hath harvest of ours been born,
As after December shines April,
And Night is the mother of Morn.

LXIV

FOR THE SEA

The lives that Ocean hath garnered,
To them let Ocean be true;
For the wave our roses and laurel,
For the wave our lilies and rue.

Who reposeth from duty and danger,
What matter where he sleep,
In bed of the wandering waters,
Or below Life's stormier deep?

The lovers whom Love hath forsaken
To hardship and lonely years,
Require the comfort of sorrow,
Demand the mercy of tears.

For us the raiment of mourning,
The emblems of honor for you;
We cast our roses and laurel,
We throw our lilies and rue.

LXV

GREETING

Before the tides of Atlantic,
That flow so clear and so cold,
By feet of the shining Sierras,
By western Gate of Gold,
Where billowy tides of the prairie
Roll green under skies of light,
In glens of the leafy highland,
On fields where the cotton is white:

I hail thee, I greet thee, my brother!
Receive the heart and the hand,
In name of the bountiful parent,
The dearly-beloved land!
She weareth the mantle of plenty,
She reigneth from sea to sea;
As wide as the realm of the mother
Let thought of the children be.

LXVI

ALL SAINTS

Today I keep holy,
Tomorrow thou;
So in life did the saints
Adorèd now.

Thus petal by petal,
Enfolded blows
The flower of the fragrant
And mystical rose.

LXVII

ALL SOULS

A holy tree as ancient
As Time himself is old,
Doth starry glories ripen
Of lustre manifold.

Like orbs, whose guardian splendor
Can pacify the night,
For one beheld, a million
Unthanked bestow their light.

The dimmest fruit and farthest
Doth aye a seed contain,
That if the parent perish
Would make it rise again,

With all the roots that nourish,
And all the buds that blow,
And all the leaves that waver,
And all the globes that glow.

LXVIII

REQUIEM

From northern cold, how bloomed yon lily blest?
To beauty cherishèd on Nature's breast.

Will dear companions sigh above his grave?
While forests murmur, and while grasses wave.

Who harboreth his Thoughts, their lover gone?
No after-friend; they trusted him alone.

Where gain of life, now he hath found repose?
Indeed, a bluer sky, a redder rose.

LXIX

THE CATHEDRAL

A builder, of bright marbles all,
Heaped high a minster-stone;
The insolent and heartless wall
Did right nor reason own.

A lover spent a silent while,
And carved an angel-face;
Behold the warrant of the pile,
Adore the temple's grace.

LXX

RECOMPENSE

For every gentle ray
That beamed upon the way;

For eyes, where heavens shone,
That earth might briefly own;

For love allowed to dwell,
Too pure and deep to tell;

For lives, with joy and woe
Full like a river's flow;

For hearts, whose channels bare
Were parched by earth's despair:

How answer rightful claim
Of every separate name?

They do not so require;
One guerdon they desire,

A roof secure and wide,
Where none may be denied.

LXXI

A STAR

"Friend, sweet friend,
I would make a song,
Of thee a song,
Thou small star,
Thou shy star,
That hidest so deep in the heaven."

"Friend, make no song,
Of me no song;
Make a song of my sister,
The bright moon,
The pure moon,
Her in whose glory I veil me."

LXXII

FUNERAL MARCH

Let earth to earth be resignèd;
Rest in peace.
Let soul with soul be enshrinèd;
Rest in peace.
As thy deed, so thy memory lowly,
To love alone shall be holy;
March, march, in order and slowly,
Rest in peace.

The comrades who battled about thee,
Rest in peace.
What task will be theirs without thee?
Rest in peace.
Thy pride, adversity scorning,
Their beacon, their hope, and their warning,
Beheld the night like the morning,
Rest in peace.

For fate severe wert thou singled;
Rest in peace.
World's woe for thee hath been mingled;
Rest in peace.
Thy crown, of sorrow's designing,
Showed thorn and lily entwining,
No laurel, no myrtle combining,
Rest in peace.

Alas, that so hath befallen!
Rest in peace.
Thy flower ungathered hath fallen;
Rest in peace.
No maid, in thee for her lover,
May deep under discover,
Clear height over height above her,
Rest in peace.

With hero's heart hast thou striven;
Rest in peace.
A soldier's life hast thou given;
Rest in peace.
We make no lamenting o'er thee;
Forgive the sigh, we implore thee;
Thy right of calm we restore thee;
Rest in peace.

LXXIII

ADIEU

From throng apart I saw her stand;
The train drew forth; she waved to m
A dear farewell, she kissed the hand;
At morn, between us rolled the sea.

I wandered over many a land;
I hoped with her once more to be;
Today I see her kiss the hand,
While evermore doth roll the sea.

LXXIV

LINNÆA

We wandered where the path was red
With fallen needles of the pine;
Behold, below our footsteps spread,
Pink-flowering, a slender vine.

A graceful vase, a tiny bell,
That brimming perfume overfills;
Too timid near mankind to dwell,
'T is fled to solitary hills.

She knelt to breathe the perfumed air,
She lifted palms of ecstacy;
Less pleasure mine in blossom there,
Than part in her felicity.

New wine of summer sweetly fills
Pink chalices remote from men;
But I must climb remoter hills,
To find my flower in bloom again.

LXXV

WATER-LILIES

I carry white water-lilies, white lilies of
starry grace;
I lay them beside her bosom, I twine them
about her face.

She lieth serene and stately, adorned with
her beauty the while;
Out of a tender silence on me she seemeth
to smile.

I leave the light of mine eyes, I leave the
hope of mine heart;
Beloved, bestow thy peace, thy peace with
me to depart.

LXXVI

REBIRTHS

When early summer weareth
    Dawn-colors of the year,
Sweet Memory declareth
    Her mind in flowers clear.

Then bloometh out of longing
    What love did there reside;
Of life to man belonging,
    Doth Love alone abide.

LXXVII

THE TEMPLE

My temple bright
I made on a height,
Wide earth below;
Of marbles strange
Did columns change
In many a row.

Each glorious wall
Was storied with all
That gods befell;
In outer court,
For world's resort,
A healing well.

Pure holy days
With robes and praise
Did clergy keep;
Alone divine,
One grave, one shrine,
To kneel and weep.

LXXVIII

EROICA

Remembrance and honor we owe thee, regard
and thought that are thine,
Today be gratefully chanted in vows at thy
martyr-shrine;
Thy courage that mounted with danger, thy
mercy that ripened through pain,
Mid bloom of awakening summer will flower
and grow fruitful again.

For thee, when mantle of May-tide adorneth
the orchard-land,
Young lovers who breathe of the perfume will
silent go hand in hand;
For thee, when pride of October enlargeth
the hope to behold,
Shall he move, a priest of thanksgiving, in
raiment of crimson and gold.

For thee in a chorded music will billows march
rolling forth,
Triumphal rise tones of the tempest, and life-
bringing gales from the north;
O'er thy peace shine a million ages, where
every star hath his part;
Like the wave of a flowing water, their anthem
beareth the heart.

LXXIX

Ex Voto

Pilgrim, chance-inmate of our hostel, let
Thine heart be peace, accept a welcome free;
Who made the hospice, destined it for thee,
Through thee to pay some portion of a debt.

What creditor, what obligation? Know
No more, than let thy fantasy conceive
All life from life in lifetime may receive,
Thou 'lt never sum what total he doth owe.

The loan he hath no freedom to requite,
He shareth as the lender would desire.
For his soul's sake, from thee he doth require
Below the roof that tranquil be thy night.

LXXX

A MEMORY

A lamp I know of a merciful ray;
It burneth forever, by night and by day.

It maketh a safe and a pleasant room;
It shineth far, if deep be the gloom.

The darkness I welcome for love of its grace;
My lamp hath the light of a holy face.

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